

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Convention Chatter.

Back to our dreary drudgery from Washington we go;
Back to the aching loneliness that only deaf folks know
The pathway ends for new-found friends,
And duty's call is clear;
But memories, that taunt and tease, remain
Of dead days dear.

The 15th Triennial Convention of the National Association of the Deaf opened on President Roberts' Birthday!

Monday, August 9th, he was (guess at it) years old, and was presented flowers and a check contributed by his Chicago admirers. The presentation was made by Chicago's beautiful Miss Geraldine Gibbons—the "Miss NFSD" of the Silver Jubilee—during the opening ceremonies in the stately ball room of the New Willard. Yes the very ball room where all the princes, potentates, politicians and pests, prance around during the height of the Capital City's social season. The gilded Louis XVI chairs were parked on, often held the good and great. Perhaps Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding sat on the very chair you occupied that evening. The vast vaulted roof, in colonial design, white as alabaster, and the costly gleaming chandeliers, combined to fill one with a feeling of reverence and awe. Something like one feels at entering Westminster Abbey, or the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

There was a large American flag suspended from a vertical staff and flapping in the breeze of a large electric fan, beneath which stood Mrs. Wm. McGann of Chicago as she declared "The Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. McGann was given a bouquet of American beauties by admirers of the Pas-a-Pas club in Chicago, the oldest independent club of deaf folks in the country—but the ignorant chump who presented them did not have the brains to do the presentation over the footlights, as he should.

For once in history, a local committee displayed "horse sense" in night sessions. The opening exercises Monday night had a strong searchlight playing on the speakers' stage, enabling those in the farthest corner to see without eye-strain. President Roberts' blinked. Evidently not used to "the pitiless searchlight of publicity."

ARLINGTON.

Several big bus loads of silents, and many a private car, bore the crowd to Arlington National Cemetery, Friday afternoon. A long walk between graves of departed heroes brought us to that stately edifice fronting on the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier." With the ever-present sentry, standing at present arms, close beside her, Mrs. Frederick Moore recited "In Flanders Fields." It made O. K. Price and myself weep sad, salty tears. That song, and the way she sang it, will live forever in memory. Stark tragedy. President Roberts placed a large wreath on the tomb. Kauffman's movie machine ground away. Still as a statue stood the sentry, the boiling sun beating piteously down, and the sweat pouring out of his hide until his khaki uniform was a damp rag.

"We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived; felt dawn; saw sunset glow;
Loved and were loved. And now we lie
In Flanders Fields."

From there we marched in sweltering solitude across rolling fields of dead, to that far corner where lies grave No. 1295. The simple little headstone says that Clyde S. Sawhill, Philadelphia, Corporal in the 319th Infantry, 80th Division, was killed October 3, 1918. Nothing about the long day and night he lay between the firing lines, both legs shattered from a stream of machine gun bullets. Nothing of the sacrifice of his deaf parents, who sent this 25-year-old lad to France, where he fell at Dannevoix Woods, in the Argonne. Rev. Collins Sawhill and his wife, from Ohio, stood at the grave of their son in that blistering heat, as President Roberts said a few fitting words and placed a spray of flowers on his grave. Rev. Sawhill's response was unaffected, but touching. "Clyde was a good lad. It can't be helped. I only ask you

younger ones to start a tradition, to decorate our boy's grave through generations yet to come, as a respect to all we deaf did directly or indirectly in those dark and dire days."

THE BANQUET.

"This is one banquet where I wasn't swindled," said Miss Lena Stoloff, of New York, at the \$3.50 blow-out Thursday night, on the top floor of the New Willard. And she voiced the sentiment of all! Most banquets consist of fifty cents worth of food, one dollar of "service," and a dollar of graft. But not this time. The cuisine and menu alone were worth the price, while the four feature songs provided by the committee were all bell-ringers. Miss Geraldine Gibbons' "N. A. D." song delighted the 255 banqueters. Mrs. McGann's "Yank-ee Doodle" likewise.

And the parody on "Coming Through the Rye" (pre-Volstead), by Scott, of Washington, D. C., and Rose the fullback. Scott dressed as a tipsy stage-door Johnnie, and Rose as a bucolic haycorner maiden. Also "Auld Lang Syne," by petite little Mrs. Reed—garbed in Scottish tartan and kilts.

Twenty-five of the 255 sat at the long speaker's table, raised on a dais, while us *hoi polloi* were seated ten to each round table. Those at the speaker's table were: Wilbert P. Souder, W. E. Marshall and his wife, Miss Edith M. Nelson, all of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Thomas F. Fox, of N. Y.; Misses Clara Belle Rogers, of South Carolina; and Violet Colby, of Detroit; Editor Edwin A. Hodgson, of New York; President Percival Hall and his wife, of Gallaudet College; President Arthur L. Roberts and wife, of Chicago; Toastmaster and Mrs. Harley D. Drake, of D. C.; Secretary-Treasurer Frederick Moore and wife, of Trenton, N. J.; Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle; Mrs. Ruth Colby Vernier, of Washington, D. C.; Harry C. Anderson and Miss Jeannette Cunningham, both of Indianapolis, Ind.; Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, Minn.; Miss Cora Phillips, of Oklahoma; A. B. Greener, of Columbus, Ohio; and Prof. Hughes and wife, of Washington, D. C.

Toastmaster Drake was in rare good form, introducing Roberts as a "level headed, and a finished speaker as are all those on our program."

Excerpts from President Roberts' splendid speech follow: "Forty-six years is a long time for one organization; we have hung together rather than hang separately. The N. A. D. scope has broadened in late years; in fact we have undertaken more than we can afford with our small funds. We can't always please everybody; we all get a little criticism. I received my share. Our critics say the N. A. D. is dead; but the N. A. D. never was more living and lively than now. Quite a lively corpse. These conventions are invaluable for interchange of ideas and opinions. Our local committee made a splendid job of a difficult task. Local committee always get more knocks than any other committee in our organization, and knockers are prolific insects. A couple received twins, named them Peter and Repeat. Twins again, named them Kate and Duplicate. Twins a third time, named them Max and Climax. Eventually a fourth set of twins, named them Moore and Nomore. So I will talk Moore no more."

Editor Hodgson of this JOURNAL was introduced as the Nestor of the Nad.

"The N. A. D. is not old it is young and vigorous," Hodgson commenced. "It is really a dead corpse resurrected and rejuvenated. It spread from state to state—snail-slow, but steel-straight. We must thank those old pioneers of 30, 40, 50 years ago, for building better than they knew. The JOURNAL has ever fought for its enlargement. Old convention averaged 400 silents; nowadays we average 1000. The N. A. D. did not start like Minerva of mythology—who sprang full-armed from the head of Jove. We have grown; we must grow. To stand still is to go backward."

Mr. Drake introduced the college president, Dr. Hall, with the words:

"I work not under, but with President Hall."

Hall's remarks in brief were: "I saw the heading in tonight's paper; 'Hall Speaks for One Hour.' So I won't use another hour today. A few words on a few points and I sit down. I can't too strongly praise the success of deaf men and women. We teachers can't make brains; but we can and do develop and bring out what is already in the corpus callosum. Education spells Opportunity. I believe the successful deaf man makes his own Opportunity—like Napoleon's famous saying."

And don't you believe the expression that 'Opportunity Knocks but Once.' Opportunity knocks again—sometimes almost kicks the door in."

Ex-president Hanson admitted that every president—being human—naturally feels his own term was the best-ever. "But Roberts' address showed sound, constructive administration. It showed tangible results. Is the N. A. D. worthwhile? The sight of you well-dressed, prosperous citizens, is answer enough—YES."

Mr. Anderson, of Indianapolis, spoke on the insurance society of which he is still president—the initials of which I am forbidden to publish over my signature in outside papers, on penalty of dismissal from the society (except legitimate use in connection with the official Silver Jubilee celebration, of which I was selected press-agent.) Mr. Anderson never was a good platform orator. He talked about what he called "Silver Year"—which caused sundry chuckles, for some reason.

Miss Rogers was probably the clearest sign-maker of them all. "What did the deaf amount to 100 and 150 years ago? Considered a nuisance," she said.

FIELD DAY

Results of the National Deaf Championship track and field games at Gallaudet College, Thursday afternoon:

50 yards Dash (boys under 10 year old)—Won by W. Whitson, Jr. Chicago; J. Frederick Meagher, Jr. Chicago, 2d; Courtney, District of Columbia, 3d.

50 yards Dash (girls under 10 year old)—Won by Knapp, Kenosha Wis.; R. Nicol, District of Columbia, 2d; Hartsell, District of Columbia, 3d.

Peanut scramble events for boys and girls—no results tabulated.

75 yards Dash (boys under 16 year old)—Won by Pearce, Carson, 2d; Harold, 3d.

75 yards Dash (women)—Won by Mrs. McMullen, Akron; Miss Jennie Jones, District of Columbia, 2d; Miss Lena Stoloff, New York 3d.

100 yards Dash (men)—Won by Claude Samuelson, Rochester; Stevens, District of Columbia, 2d; Neuner Pike, San Francisco, 3d.

50 yards Dash (women)—Won by Miss Reid, District of Columbia; Miss Ruth Haller, Rochester, 2d; Mrs. Ed. Carlson, Chicago, 3d.

Tossing baseball (men)—Won by Beagy, New York; Yeager, District of Columbia, 2d.

Tossing baseball (women)—Won by Miss Gretchen Fahr, Oskaloosa Iowa; Miss Anna Johns, Des Moines, Iowa, 2d.

50 yards Candle Race (District of Columbia women only)—Won by Mrs. Hartsell; Mrs. C. Quinley, 2d; Mrs. S. Allen, 3d.

50 yards Women's Candle Race—Won by Miss Ruth Haller, Rochester; Miss Irene Bohan, North Carolina, 2d; Miss Clara Buse, New Jersey, 3d.

100 yards Dash (Fat Men 170 lbs)—Won by Ray Kauffman, Baltimore; Lanigor, Akron, 2d.

35 yards Hurdle—Won by C. Samuelson, Rochester; John T. Boatwright, New Jersey, 2d; Stevens, District of Columbia, 3d.

35 yards Hurdle—Won by Miss Reid, District of Columbia; Mrs. McMullen, Akron, 2d; Mrs. Ed. Carlson, Chicago, 3d.

Tug-of-War married vs. single (both men and women)—Won by Single team in every tug.

Throwing out the candle race, for District of Columbia women only, and the events where no cities are given, the results—scored on a basis

of five points for first place, three points for second place, and one point for third place, are:

Champions, Washington, D. C., with 22 points; Rochester, N. Y., with 18, second; Akron, Ohio, with 11, third; Chicago, with 10, fourth. Other places in order are: Iowa 8; New York City, 6; Wisconsin and Baltimore, 5 each; New Jersey, 4.

(If Rochester's 18 were added to New York City's 6, it would give New York the State championship.)

CATCH AN IMPOSTOR.

Bernard Tietelbaum was sipping a soda Wednesday, when an impostor entered the drug store and presented a written appeal for funds to finish my schooling, having lost my hearing through scarlet fever—George Gibson."

"Tiet" surreptitiously removed his convention badge, then in writing, asked the fakir a lot of questions: What school? Attended the convention of deaf here yet? No; then come along and will gladly help you. "Not a chance," said the fakir with a shake of his head. Repining his badge, "Tiet" used all the sign and alphabet codes of the deaf, to be met with meaningless motions. The fakir broke away, with "Tiet" in sly pursuit. He summoned Officer Mullins at the next corner, who at first was loath to arrest the "poor dummy."

"Tiet" is a go-getter, and the three finally went to the station, where a couple of big, fat sparrow-cops were for turning "Gibson" loose. He claimed he came from Baltimore. "Know Rev. Whildin? Tietelbaum" wrote. "Gibson" did not. "That proves he is a fakir; every deaf man in Baltimore knows our deaf pastor," Tietelbaum told the desk sergeant—so they reluctantly held him for trial next morning.

It was nearly midnight before I heard of this, whereon I went wild. At last a chance for a corking good first-page story (the aim and ambition of every newspaperman) with Associated Press wires all over America. Loading Tietelbaum, Souder and Kenner in a taxi, I shot them to the office of the Hearst morning paper, the *Washington Herald*, arriving in plenty of time to catch the edition.

"Mue Receives his Hearing in Court Today," I suggested for a head-line, and gave the *Herald* some corking good leads for the story. Alas! for fond ambition; next morning's paper did not carry a single line on the matter. Yet only two days before they had stressed President Roberts' address bearing on the evils of Impostorism!

In court that morning the fakir was let go, with a warning to leave town!

My respects to the police and police-judge, of Washington.

One man butted in Wednesday morning, with a roughly written slip: "I am a journalist; I want data on the education of the deaf, etc." That stumped me. A real newspaperman never uses the word "journalist." Why waste an hour doping out stuff for an apparent amateur, when I had rather watch the platform. Teddy came to my relief: "Send him to President Hall—he will be willing and able to give him all the data desired." Eureka! I would give each reporter from five to fifteen ideas, marking two or three of them "exclusive" (which meant no other local newspaper had the dope.) The reporters would rush away to hammer out their copy, and when the paper came out I would swear a blue streak on finding that the re-write editor and the make-up man had conspired to crowd out all but two or three of the big batch I had "brain-borne."

Miss Jennie Jones of the local committee helped me corral over a dozen selected beauties for press pictures Tuesday noon. There were lots of other beauties I wanted to include—but, as usual, they were nowhere in sight when the three photographers bobbed up. Three or four poses were taken—and they were corks. The *Herald* and the *Post* each ran a different pose Wednesday morning, and when I dropped in to see Gibson, on returning to Chicago, I found that International Newsreel had given a third pose, which will cost him \$3, if he prints it in our lodge magazine.

Those photos were beauties, girls from New York to Florida, and did a lot to advertise us in such papers around the country as printed them.

I had another press photo taken by the *Post* on Friday—a dozen men and women each of whom who had a story worth telling.

Evidently it was not run, as the *Post* has not yet sent me the promised copy for the *Silent Worker*.

Miss Geraldine Gibbons was featured with a two-column photo in Tuesday's *Times*; while Misses Dries of Peoria, Ill., and Liss, of Chicago, were shown demonstrating the Charleston in Wednesday's *News*.

MOORE'S EFFICIENCY.

The system of Secretary-Treasurer Frederick Moore was interesting. He had a couple of filing cases, containing the name and address of every one who held membership since Moore took the office three years ago. A man would step up in line and give his name. Moore or his charming wife would instantly extract a card from the case.

Very glad to see you, you joined at Atlanta in 1923, and the back dues bring your indebtedness to \$2.50," he would say, in the manner of one greeting a long-lost brother; meanwhile the wonder-wife of his would focus her 100-kilowatt battery of eyes on the visitor in a way that seemed to say: "Of course a rich man like you won't mind paying a trifle like \$2.50." Then came a pause; if the member-to-be happened to be one of the few who could resist them there eyes o' hern, if so, Moore would continue his irresistible address: "Of course if you want to join again, anew it will cost you \$1.00." This business like team-work of the Moores probably added several hundred extra dollars to the N. A. D. treasury. The association is fortunate to have folks like the Moores in office. They handled some \$5,700 in three years, and have over 3,000 members paid-up.

What a fine bunch of men and women they were. All jubilant; atingle with sheer love of life; keen-witted; joyous.

One of the brightest spots of the convention, as I look back, was that boat ride to Mount Vernon—one hour each way and one hour at Washington's tomb and homestead. Mr. Howard, Mrs. Schatzkin and myself hogged the bow, where it was coolest. Others of the "zoo" indulging in an animated talk-test were the Kenners, Misses Chadabe, Stoloff, Hoffman and Horstein, of New York; Michael Cohen, of Baltimore; Bill Connell, of Waterbury, Ct.; Miss Hoy, of Sumter, South Carolina, and Mrs. Meagher.

LOCAL COMMITTEE

The Washington Local Committee was a rip-snorter. Chairman W. E. Marshall was one of the most retiring and inconspicuous men in the hall, as was right and proper. Instead of trying to be the whole thing, and carrying the whole convention on his own shoulders as did poor McNeil, of St. Paul, two years ago, for which he was unmercifully panned—Marshall selected a big staff of go-getters and left them to attend to their own assignments; only bobbing up when the wheels of his machine began to show need of oil. Stewart handled the \$1000 wisely and well. Teddy Hughes was a tireless major-domo, handling hotels, reception, ball, and various odds and ends. Harley Drake provided the "front"—his size and dignity impressing the listeners whenever he got up. Wilbert Souder was a whale of a success on the banquet end. Miss Jennie Jones was around the hotel, ready to help in any line—especially publicity and directions. Duncan Smoak was Moore's aide-de-camp at the enrollment desk. Others meriting mention were:

R. Weiridge, Tour of City; L. P. Schulte, Capitol and Congressional Library; R. O. Scott, Mt. Vernon; H. O. Nicol, Hotchkiss Field Sports; C. C. Quinley, Frat Conclave; S. B. Alley, Arlington Cemetery; Mrs. S. B. Alley, Social; A. Parker, Chesapeake Beach; E. E. Mackowskie, Gréat Falls; R. L. Boswell, Union Station; J. T. Flood, Information; T. Wood,

Tickets; G. Ferguson, Entertainment; M. W. Galloway, Emergency.

Bill Schaub, the Missouri wonder-organizer, left Washington for a visit to Elizabeth, N. J.—his first visit since he was married there twenty-five ago, August 1st, 1901. While there he was the guest of Roy Lynch, who left St. Louis last winter. Mr. Schaub is an easy man to work with—never a hitch in our relations in arranging what folks call the "Schaub-Meagher Special Nad 'tain."

The funniest address of the convention was easily that of the Rev. John Kent, of New York, on "The Britis! Deaf." You know the signs for father and mother—wiggling all the fin-fingers at forehead and chin. Kent says: the British signs for "poor" and "fish" are likewise made by wiggling the fingers at elbow and mouth. For days afterwards the made in the convention, was to call one another a "poor-ish" in British signs, which was lightly embarrassing in public restaurants.

While we were eating lunch in the Gallaudet Chapel Thursday, Kent entertained with songs and stories. I have always hated songs in signs, for the reason they never follow rhythm or rhyme rule or reason, so when Kent called out: "Meagher, time the tempo of Kipling's 'Road to Mandalay,' and see if it jibes," I eagerly did so. Sure enough, his signs followed the words, letter-perfect, and the sign also came in perfect cadence to the poem.

Clairbourne F. Jackson came all the way from his 500-acre plantation near Campuey, Cuba, where he has lived the past eighteen years, raising cattle. Of all men, he was least troubled by the heat.

Howard J. Lloyd came from Brantford, Canada. He was originally deaf, recovered his hearing, enlisted in the 38th Royal Canadian Ottawa Regiment, Co. D, and spent three months in the trenches at Lens and Arras. Shell-shocked at Arras, and permanently deafened.

Leslie Elmer and his pretty wife came from Tennessee. Elmer holds the degree of M.A. and B.A. from Gallaudet College, and the degree of M.D. from Vanderbilt University. He is the only real deaf-mute known to possess a physician's degree—but is not licensed to practice medicine, because he can not hear a patient's heart-beats.

Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, Wash., Neuner Pike, of San Francisco, and Charles Vanole, of Los Angeles, were the Pacific Coast delegation. Miss Mary Jim Crump, a beautiful young heiress, came from Miami, Florida, with her parents, Rev. Homer Grace came from Denver (watch and wait for Denver, 1927).

Miss Maxine Morris, of Atlanta, was there. She was the only deaf girl of the six dancers, who performed with the Rev. Dr. Cloud—then president at the last convention, Atlanta, 1923, when that raft broke up with the loss of two lives. Miss Morris is now 18; still in school, and recently won a \$50 gold medal as first prize in an advertising art contest conducted by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

I have been wondering if the present critical condition of ex-president Dr. Cloud is not in some measure the result of that sudden catastrophe, when his throne slid into the water and he clung to the first plank he touched, half drowned and blinded by the glare of search-lights. This was the first N. A. D. convention in some thirty-five years that Dr. Cloud has missed, and we certainly missed his fiery, fearless presence.

D. R. Tillinghast, aged eighty-five, who recently retired after over fifty years as a teacher in the North Carolina school, made several attempts to say his say, only to have some technicality introduced by some amateur parliamentarian prevent him.

The certificates lost! Secretary Moore estimates some 2000 silents were at the convention—about one thousand through the entire week and another one thousand for a few days; not two thousand all at one time. Yet we could secure only 152 certificates; and we required 250 to secure half-fare returning home. Chairman Alex Pach tried to cozen the railroads into letting

us have half-fare anyway, but it was unavailing.

While Washington Division, No. 46, was spending \$412 on its record-breaking smoker (oh, boy, what a smoker); and the ladies were holding a "smokerette" of their own in another hall the O. W. L. S.—the sorority of Gallaudet College—held a conclave of its own in the home of the wife of the college president, Mrs. Percival Hall, on Kendall Green. Much business was done. Refreshments were served by the hostess. Officers elected for the next three years were: President Miss Helen W. Pence, of Fulton, Mo.; Vice-President, Mrs. Ellen A. Pearson, Stewart, of Washington; and Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Cloa Lamson, of Columbus, Ohio.

One of the deaf men removed his coat in a barber shop; went away with the wrong coat, and moved heaven and earth for its return when he discovered the error. Results unknown.

Earl Crossin "walked" from Columbus, Ohio—getting "lifts" on the way.

Bill Schaub saw a copper rivet on the floor of the National Museum. Picked it up and found it was a button emblem of our insurance society.

Miss C. C. Colby, the venerated veteran of the JOURNAL, was seriously ill in a Washington Hospital, and unable to attend the convention, but her two live-wire daughters were much in evidence as interpreters.

Ray Kauffman, of Baltimore, and his Cine-Kodak were everywhere, taking movies. He used nine reels during the week. These tiny moving-picture-making machines use 100-foot rolls, our rolls making one reel. Two reels cost \$15.

Clyde Samuelson, of Rochester, won acclaim for wearing the "prettiest pants." As Mr. Wm. Haenszel, of Buffalo, put it, "You can play checkers on his pants."

Mrs. Percival Hall, wife of the Gallaudet College president, invited all her old collegemates to dine a few at a time, during convention week.

One stunt the local committee overlooked: Joint debate, Miss Mary Jim Crump, of Miami, on "Why I love California," and Neuner Pike, of San Francisco, on "Florida, Nature's Paradise."

My wife asked all autoists to hand in their "logs." Some one estimated one hundred fifty autos were there, but only three handed in written slips of paper giving their mileage. Wonder why. In brief they follow:

John T. Boatwright, New Jersey license, L1854; Dodge Touring, 1925 model, 22,000 miles without an accident.

Frank Hoppaugh, New Jersey, 220 miles. (No other data.)

Robert Qinn, Overland Sedan, from Romney, West Virginia, 138 miles in five and one-half hours.

Mrs. Walter Whitson, with Mrs. Meagher and their sons, 2,644 miles from Chicago to Washington and return, in a Ford sedan, no blow-outs.

Frederick Fancher's big Buick sedan took the McGanns and Miss Mary Woollsey from Chicago to Washington in two and one-half days.

Fred Shotwell and wife, in a Chevrolet, took three days to reach Washington from Rockford, Ill.

Edward Carlson, wife, son and Edwyn Stafford, took two and one-half days to drive their Ford from Chicago to Washington.

If your auto itinerary is omitted here, blame yourself. You did not hand it in.

It was a great convention! If you missed it!

Back to the barren bitterness of bread-and-butter toil;
Back to the sombre silences and mercenary moil,
We had our fun, our play-done! But
mem'ry throbs and thrums,
And beckons "Bear up bravely till the
next convention comes."

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Thought is deeper than all speech
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

—Granch.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart: his next, to escape the censures of the world. —Addison.

Deaf Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1926

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

A VERY interesting tome is the Report of the School for the Deaf (The Charles Rogers Mills Memorial), Chefoo, China. It covers the scholastic year of 1925-1926.

There were forty-eight pupils during the term, all but five of whom were present when school began in September, and were rewarded by being in the group photograph which is one of the several pictures that embellish the Report.

The teaching staff, with the exception of Miss A. E. Carter, the principal, is entirely of Native Chinese. Four new teachers and one on part time have been added to the corps of instructors.

The oral method holds full sway, with the addition of pictures and writing.

Carpentry, basketry, knitting and sewing are among the industries taught. Also the boys are taught the care of silk worms, fourteen hundred mulberry trees being planted last year and this Spring. By the sale of cocoons it is hoped to at least cover the cost of production. Acknowledgments are made to all schools, individuals and organizations, that have made donations for the support of the work of the school. Those who contributed to the Chinese Deaf School Fund through the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, last year, are specially mentioned.

We are rather hazy in our understanding about schools for the deaf in China. We believe there is a school at Pekin and one at Moukden. But if the total pupilage be added up, it will be found that slightly less than a hundred Chinese deaf children enjoy the blessing, the advantages and happiness, of an education.

Judging by the teeming millions that populate China, and calculating on an average number of cases of deafness that even the most sanitary conditions would be likely to produce, there must be at least four thousand deaf children of China whose sad fate it is to live and die in the ignorance and misery of bewildered minds.

THE appointment of Mrs. Bess M. Riggs to the superintendency of the Arkansas Institution, is announced in the Little Rock newspapers. Mrs. Riggs is a daughter of Rev. J. W. Michaels, and has mingled with the deaf from childhood. She is a graduate of Vassar College, N. Y., and of the Normal Class at Gallaudet College; has been Principal of the Tennessee Institution for the Deaf for two years; taught in High Schools for several years; has been contributor of articles on educational subjects;—in short, she is well equipped for the onerous duties of her new position, and the JOURNAL wishes her success.

ACHIEVEMENT.

Oration delivered before the P. S. A. D. meeting in Philadelphia, by Mr. George Moredock Teegarden, in the Chapel of Wisconsin Hall, August, 1926.

Away back in the misty past, I often heard recited in the old log schoolhouse the following stirring appeal:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
So if I fail or fall below
Themoesthens or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by."

That is precisely the way I feel as I stand before you now, considering it was charged in the "indictment" that my address be "historically correct" and "up to date." That being the requirement, am constrained to say here are others who could have more satisfactorily performed the important duty but having accepted responsibility, I am at the same time obliged to beg your generous indulgence for my discrepancies or errors I may commit. Also for lack of eloquence a finished orator is expected to possess. As befitting the occasion I may, with propriety, take for my subject in general.

ACHIEVEMENT

Not so long ago, as I remember there were no State or National Association of the Deaf in this country. They did not come to flower until in the eighties. Our society bloomed in 1881, a very close second to the National Association of the Deaf, which was organized the year previous. However, Pennsylvania, ever in the van, though frequently accused of being slow, was the first to incorporate. Incorporation, of course means definite purposes in view.

Incorporated in 1891, only ten years after its founding, our Society has been giving precedents right along to the present day. This is not said in a spirit of boastfulness but as proof of its consistent progress in thought, action, and true to its name *advancement* in all that makes for happiness and usefulness.

In the beginning, as well as the present time, we have had the benefit of intelligent, wide-awake leaders, whose every effort was bent on having the best of its kind.

The first ten years were more of a formative character than of achievements. Then it was that the objectives of the association were firmly established. Then knowing what we wanted, we went after it. The first step was to fix, in a lasting form, the purposes of the Society by an act of incorporation. Since then there has been no swerving from the fixed incentive.

We are satisfied that the P. S. A. D. has progressed greatly in the past forty-five years of its existence, and it is hardly probable that there will be any sidestepping or a lack of forward movement in the future. But mathematicians affirm that it is a part of probability that the improbable shall come to pass. Says one, sophisticated in science and philosophy, "If a kettle of water be placed on the fire, there is a chance, though an exceedingly small one, that the water will freeze." What concerns the present, however, is to go forward and onward with honest conviction that we are right, leaving all improbabilities for future generations to take care of.

What mostly concerns the builder, is the foundation. If that be firm, he is confident that the superstructure will stand the test of stability insofar as human capabilities can make them. He is building in the present and knows the future will take care of her own problems. So it is with the architects of our Society. They are confident that they have, so far, builded broad and deep enough for future expansion and development. We have achieved; we have progressed; we have overcome many difficulties and solved intricate problems, but after all it is the future that matters.

If in our pioneering we have blazed the way through the labyrinth of difficulties, future generations will find it easier going and keep abreast the advancement of their times. The Society was born and came to maturity inside the half century of the world's greatest progress—fifty years of competitive fast living in all branches of enlightened activity. The Society has kept pace with the onward and upward world movements in its particular sphere of activity.

Founded in 1881 and incorporated in 1890, the Society has kept steadily to the fore, rejoicing in successes, strengthened by failures in minor matters, but never discouraged or defeated. To achieve means wise counseling and hard work. These have been forthcoming in every instance when they were urgently needed.

Some of those active in the founding of the Society and captained her early destinies have passed to their eternal reward. The "Father of the Society," Robert Middleton Ziegler, we still have with us and I would he were in his old-time vigor and have the honor of making this address, for well I know he has made the welfare and history of the Society his personal concern all these years. More power to him.

It was greatly to the advantage of the infant organization that the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, a cultured and broad-minded Christian gentleman,

was the first president. His prominence gave it dignity. With him at the helm, our baroque escaped the rocks and shoals that threaten every new launching, for you must remember, associations of the deaf were a few variety at that time and there were no precedents. For his wise management and other helpful services, we shall hold him in reverent memory.

Brewster Randall Allabough, my associate for twenty-five years at the Western Pennsylvania School, took prodigious interest in the Society, which he helped to found, and worked for it in season and out. When it was decided to organize branches, he toured the State at his own expense and urged the formation of branches, wherever a few deaf could conveniently assemble. Several branches were organized following his appeals. The branches greatly strengthened the mother organization in membership, in influence and financially.

There were others equally enthusiastic. What of James S. Reider, for sixteen consecutive years President of the Society, and Harry S. Stevens, who gave generously of his energies and counsels, and helped to move the wheels of the Society, especially when mired in doubts and perplexities. (Incidentally he is still chasing your fugitive dollars for the benefit of the Society.) Thus by wise counseling and hard work the Society was pushed far up in the line of successful ventures.

Though at first the objects of the Society were rather vague, it was not long until a definite objective was established in a home for aged and infirm deaf, thus uniting the various sections of the State in a common purpose. The treasury was empty, but members went to work with a will to raise a fund with which to establish the Home. It is said, the first four or five thousand was raised mostly in Western Pennsylvania with Pittsburgh as a center. Socials, auction parties and bazaars, were chiefly employed in raising funds. In those days, we had three or four bazaars in Pittsburgh, each of which netted from \$500.00 to \$800.00, very considerable sums for those days.

I mention these not in disparagement of other sections of the state. They did their part, to be sure, but I am more familiar with Western Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh having done her day's work went to sleep for a season, and Philadelphia, famous for being slow-going, woke up to her possibilities and opportunities. Since then she carried the heavy end of the og as represented by the home, after it was established at Doylestown. In his forward work of the society, we must not, in fact cannot, forget the hearing friends who gave of their time and substance without stint. Chief of these was our beloved Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, who was ever accessible for sound advice and encouraging commendation, or friendly criticism. Another friend of the deaf, Mr. F. W. Booth, was there in close sympathy with all the aims and endeavors of the society; Mr. Joseph Mekeal, whose generosity made the purchase of the Doylestown property possible; Mr. John Hart and Mr. Samuel Stuckert, who have been valued Trustees of the Home since its establishment. Mr. Sensenig is another who has helped much.

Deserving of mention and applause in the affairs of the Society are Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., who was Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Home as long as I can remember, and he present officials of the Society who have successfully carried out the transfer of the Home to Torresdale and accomplished other notable affairs.

Through its officials and Board of Managers, the Society has achieved much to the advantage of all the deaf of the State, chief of which are:

1. The establishment and maintenance of a home for the aged, infirm and blind deaf of the State. The estimated value of the Home property, recently relocated at Torresdale, is in the neighborhood of \$160,000.00.

2. By legislative enactment the Society succeeded in placing the deaf of the State upon the same footing as other employees in obtaining compensation under the Employer's Liability Law.

3. It obtained County aid for its Home at Torresdale. That is, the Trustees of the Home may at their discretion remove a deaf person from any county almshouse in the State to the Home for the Deaf, and the directors for the poor of that county are obliged to pay to the Home such an amount as is per capita cost of maintaining inmates in the county home.

4. It was instrumental in obtaining a compulsory education law applicable to deaf children.

5. It succeeded in removing the restriction against the deaf of the State which had denied them the right to operate motor vehicles.

6. It was active in securing an appropriation of \$500.00 per year for each deaf student who is qualified and desirous of attending any college or institution of higher learning in the United States.

7. It has reduced the deaf and dumb impostor evil, a form of begging by the hearing, much to the detriment of the deaf.

The foregoing achievements through legislative channels necessitated an acquaintance with legislators and men of affairs, as well as an outlay of ready cash for legal advice and assistance were necessary. All these were forthcoming through the energetic activities of your honorable President and the executive board. To them individually and collectively the deaf of Pennsylvania owe a lasting debt, and the deaf outside the State may observe and proceed likewise when they must

deal with the lawmakers of their own State. The lesson is: get acquainted with the bigger ups in practical politics as well as with successful business men.

These are the kind of achievements that have put the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf in the forefront of the State and National associations of the deaf, a record to be justly proud of. But why are the deaf of Pennsylvania so confessedly progressive?

It is, I believe, because of the progressive educational advancement of all schools in the State, those of the deaf included. Pennsylvania was quick to take advantage of higher education for the deaf as represented by Gallaudet College. One of the very first graduates of the college was a Pennsylvanian, and he had had many followers. In fact Pennsylvania has the longest list of students at Gallaudet. Naturally the influence of Gallaudet College on the education of the deaf of our State has been very considerable, indeed. This, together with a universal unity of purpose, has made for success in a varied line of endeavor.

Away back in the sixties, Mrs. Grundy trod on the toes of the Pennsylvania and Iowa Schools for the Deaf, because it was asserted, they were at the foot of the educational ladder. The gossiping old lady may have been right at that time, but we believe, they stand at the head of their class. As a native of Pennsylvania I am proud of her advancement, and as a graduate of the Iowa school, I am proud of Iowa's progressive achievement, both due to the same cause—that is, to the influence of Gallaudet and intelligent leadership.

In a multitude of counselors there is wisdom, says the Good Book.

Ideals grow into realities through united effort, and united striving is characteristic of Pennsylvania. This concord of interest has brought achievements to the credit of our association. Group loyalty counts. Determination and pluck will essentially promote reforms and developments in whatever situation. Enterprise and vision are powerful allies when victory is sought and the ovens of success are heated by the fires of desire and determination. Nicodemus submerged his dignity and exposed his inferiority, and thus emblazoned his name on the records of time. The sage of Philadelphia declared, "Diligence is the mother of good luck and God gives all things to industry."

The drawing force in the title of the Society is "*advancement*." Team work grows in power proportionally to its engages in practice. Lincoln once observed, "I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

The progressive man, or any association of men, for that matter, will be wiser tomorrow than he is today. Thus you may visualize the future achievements of our society. When you are gloriously right you can feel vastly contented. No organization is active unless its members, or least the majority, are all active in earnest striving.

Advancement is something like the weaving of a piece of beautiful fabric. Our acts are the strands, thoughts and deeds the dyes. Colors may be many, but they must be harmonious—the discordant eliminated. Color may run, but common sense and true vision guarantee that only fast colors be employed, so that the whole grows into a beautiful reality through a union of perfect elements.

All who share benefits must help bear burdens. "We are not here to dream, to drift; we have hard work to do and loads to lift."

A wire is not a *live wire* unless connected with other wires. This teaching of unity of purposes—a union of lives. The mule that kicks cannot pull; the mule that pulls cannot kick. Hence when we all pull together, we perceive that energy and unity push us forward, and there is no stopping place wherein to criticize. And while we are interested in progress we may observe that the human race moves crab fashion—backward and forward and sideward—all sorts of activities are a final advance is made. "Advancement Pennsylvania" is the watchword of the State's educational program—the finest sort of gesture.

Through intimate relations with experience we have achieved; we have progressed; we have builded on firm foundations and we may felicitate ourselves that we leave something substantial for our successors to preserve, to strengthen and improve as changing conditions may present themselves. What appears adequate and complete today may, in all probability, be insufficient and lacking in completeness at no distant date, just as it was fifty years ago when the telephone was, only then, introduced to the public as an interesting toy.

Now is the season of conventions, and they are presenting the results of their various activities. Some frankly acknowledge they meet to renew friendships and to have a good time generally. If this is not the official attitude, it is demonstrated as such by the great majority of the members who are out for a holiday and bound to have it. Others meet on a more business-like basis in the furtherance of their worthy projects or to devise ways and means for the maintenance of their objectives. Your gathering here is of the latter class. "Live and learn"

and "practice makes perfect" are helpful saws, and I vision a huge wood pile surrounded by determined delegates "sawing wood," coats off and sleeves rolled up.

The wood pile is a symbol of hard work. The fruits of work is achievement and you value that most which has come to you by the sweat of your brow. Your possessions are your very own in fact, if you have labored honestly for them.

The vital drive for the liquidation of the debt on the \$50,000.00 Home at Torresdale is illustrative of the attack on the "woodpile." The expenditure of so much vital energy, one and all in union, will soon leave a vacancy where the bugaboo of debt held sway. Energetic and consistent work of the boosters tells the tale.

After more than a century of adventure and endeavor, explorers have gone over the "top of the world" as the result of consistent achievements in aeronautics. Success in one field of endeavor made success possible in others. No lasting success is achieved without persistent striving in overcoming discouraging failures that must necessarily occur along the line.

Wherever there is progress or achievement, there you vision the master-mind, the master-builder or the enterprising leader. These are essential in every adventure, but they are as taught without the army of followers to do the work directed or mapped out.

Faith is an essential. Faith plays a large part in the success of any project or business enterprise—faith in the leaders, faith in self—but faith usually co-ordinates with work, energy and stick-to-it-ness. And having made manifest in things material, we have, in addition independence of spirit and a strengthened self-reliance, sufficient to carry us onward to new responsibilities and achievement—all with a faith that will sanctify every faithful effort.

Courage, too, is a factor in all successes and advancement. The one in doubt or who is afraid to venture beyond the demarcation of precedent seldom achieves, though, as I said before, the unexpected happens sometimes. Without courage and fortitude—the power to endure—there would be little to record in the projection and development of world-advancement. It takes courage to fight to a finish under the handicap of opposition and physical deficiency. "The Star of Hope, though seen through many a tear, shines refulgent for all who make the supreme effort."

It does not do any good to be a little afraid. You have to be scared to death to do big things. The hang-dog never won a battle. How busy is not so important as *why* busy. The bee is congratulated: the mosquito swatted.

So, all in all, "Life is not a cup to be drained but a chalice to be filled."

We have not reached the *ultima chule*—the utmost heights of achievement, but we are steadily advancing, that at last is assurance of progress. Neither may we take the flatteringunction to our souls that the P. S. A. D. has outstripped every competitor in achievement, but we have valuable experience and past accomplishments as guideboards for future advancement.

I shall not play the role of Sir Oracle, but I am quite sure the P. S. A. D. will ever live up to its name and *advance*, for are we not all Pennsylvanians.

ACOUSTICON CAUSES BOMB SCARE.

Louis S. Laob, a Baltimore merchant, is the possessor of a damaged carphone and a suitcase full of wet clothing today, as the result of his host's caution in regarding a ticking acousticon as a time bomb. Mr. Laob, who is hard of hearing, registered at the William Penn Hotel at 426 Seventh Avenue, yesterday, and after leaving a small satchel in his room, explained to Mr. Junker, the proprietor, that he would return as soon as he obtained the rest of his baggage at the Pennsylvania Station.

Mrs. Junker, who was sent to clean the room, was attracted by a clock-like ticking which seemed to come from the small black satchel. Her suspicions aroused, she summoned her husband. With several guests, they crowded the doorway and regarded the noise with increasing apprehension. It was decided to summon a policeman. Patrolman Lhernault of the West Thirtieth Street Station responded to the call, and confessed that since he knew very little about the workings of time bombs he had better send in a hurry call for experts. Accordingly, Detectives Harry Porter and Fred Grubert of the bomb squad appeared on the scene. Their opinion was that since the object was ticking and was liable to explode at any minute they had better immerse it in water immediately.

The corridors were cleared and the detectives poured a bucket of water on the satchel. The ticking immediately ceased. When the bag was opened the detectives drew forth a wet shirt, a wet sock and a wet acousticon.

By this time, Mr. Laob had returned from the station, bringing more satchels. He said he would have his acousticon in good working order again as soon as he could obtain two new batteries. *N. Y. Times.*

Tacoma News

WE MEET HALF-WAY

We meet Half-Way,
We of two Divisions,
In the N. F. S. D.

The Seattle Frats,
And the Portland Frats,
And Frats along the Way.

Frats and non-Frats,
And their families, all—
Gather as One.

To meet and to greet,
And to make it a day—
And another, aye—
Of jollity and fun.

And incidentally to learn—
As oftentimes o'er—
The fraternal power
Of this stronghold of our—
N. F. S. D.
—An Amateur Poetist.

One of the most enjoyable picnic-outings in the history of the deaf of this region, we believe, was that of the Half-Way picnic at Borst Park, one mile north of Centralia, Wash., where the Seattle and Portland Frat Divisions and their families and friends met about midway of the two hundred miles between the two cities, on July 31st-August 1st. It was so like a real family gathering and at the auto camp, a quarter of a mile south of the park, they were a "city of deaf-mutes"—enjoying, for once, the experience of being neighbors in their cabins and tents, etc., making calls on one another and doing the little neighborly acts that add spice to life, during their short stay. In all, there were about two hundred adult deaf gathered at the park on the last day of the two-day outing, it was estimated—all coming by auto and a few by auto-bus. May this be, not the last, but the beginning of an annual event!

One party at the above picnic (the name of whom has escaped the writer) claimed to have traveled the greatest distance—about 192 miles or so—from Chinook, Ore. True, Mr. James H. O'Leary, of Spokane, was there, but he came with a party from Portland, where he was visiting!

Mrs. John Hagadorn, of Aberdeen, Wash. (formerly Clementine Gerson, of Tacoma), drew the aluminum stew pan prize that was donated by an interested grocer at the above park.

The Tacoma and Portland correspondents of the JOURNAL met at the Half-Way picnic. There was no combat. Thank you.

Mr. O. Van Eman, of Portland, says that one of the most interesting sights that he saw, when he was in Los Angeles last year on a sight-seeing trip, was a Boston bull-dog wearing a collar on which was inscribed: "Darn your curiosity."

The following is from the editorial page of the Tacoma *Times* of July 10th:

CONCENTRATE ON THE JOB.

Introducing Mr. Charles Reade, whose testinomy may make your ears tingle. Mr. Reade is a California inspector of motor vehicles, and some 70 times daily, he gets into machines to test the experience and ability of drivers. Listen:

"Women drivers are just as apt to keep their heads as are men. The best drivers are youngsters between 14 and 25—boys and girls are alike. The kids of this generation are safer in a car than are their elders. Deaf people are better drivers than the average, for they concentrate on the job of driving."

Sit back, mother and father! The testimony is by a man who sits beside 70 different drivers, every day.

George Ecker now wears a smile of satisfaction. The many days that he looked longingly at cars are over. He is now the owner of a car. He did some carpenter work for Mr. J. M. Lowell, and thus earned the latter's Ford touring car.

Mr. Lowell is building a nice big garage on his place—large enough to hold three cars, he says. May we use it for our club hall, Mr. Lowell?

Mrs. C. Reeves, of Seattle, demonstrated that she "likes Tacoma" by joining our Silent Glad Hand Club at the last meeting, on Saturday evening, July 24th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huffman. She and her daughter, Alice, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowland for a few days at the time.

Another recent new member of the club is Miss Nora Dreibeilbis.

On July 18th, a number of the deaf motored to Redondo Beach—a "Coney Island" beach resort about halfway up sound between Tacoma and Seattle. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. John Gerson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Glen McNeish, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Burgett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huffman, Mrs. Emma Hutson, Mrs. Geo. Ecker, Miss Julia Novak, Miss Nora Dreibeilbis, Mr. Edwin Cruzan and Mr. J. E. Woolbridge. A few also motored over from Seattle.

There were a number of "absentees" among the deaf during the week-end of July 3d, 4th, and 5th. Mrs. John Gerson went by train to Astoria, Oregon, to visit her sister; Miss Mabel Siegel was in Seattle

(June 26th to July 10th) and Mrs. Eva Seeley enjoyed a motor trip to Copalis Beach, near Pacific Beach, with her daughter and family, Dr. and Mrs. A. I. Button and little daughter, in their Chrysler coach. The surf bathing was the great thing there, she says.

Mrs. Seeley was surprised one day last July by a visit from her cousin, Milo Torrey, of Pickering, Mo., who, with his wife, has been touring through the Southern States and up the coast. He says there's no place like old Missouri. While he thinks old Missouri is the first State in the Union, he volunteered the information that Washington has California beaten for climate and scenery. Mrs. Torrey is a cousin of Mrs. Geo. Humphreys and Mrs. Greeley, of K. C.

Elinor, the eleven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Seeley, accompanied her father on July 1st, on the G. N. Oriental Limited, to Wisconsin for a month's visit to his old home, where he was born and raised. Elinor enjoyed the many attractions on the farm and found many interesting pets—but of all the cats, none could excel her cat at home, likewise. "No place like home," and when asked by her aunt if she would not like to stay, she would say, "I wouldn't leave my mother." When Mrs. Seeley got home from church, after the service given by Dr. Olof, C. Hanson, of Seattle, on Sunday, July 11th, at Trinity Episcopal Church in Tacoma, she found Wapato Hill, where her house stands, had been swept by a blaze, but her house was still standing. It turned out later that Mr. Lowell, who was missing at church, had been playing fireman on Mrs. Seeley's premises.

Mrs. John W. Burgett left on July 29th for Chicago, thence to Muskegon, Mich., to visit her brother, whom she had not seen for thirty-eight years.

The writer is in receipt of a postcard from Washington, D. C., mailed during the N. A. D. convention by Miss Grace Clark, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss Clark will be remembered in Tacoma and Seattle, where she visited relatives during the summer and winter of 1915-16, and attended many of the social activities of the deaf. At the time, she was accompanied by her father, also deaf. He died some years ago. Miss Clark said she met Dr. Hanson at the convention.

Clarence "Sunflower" Furlow is in Yakima, Wash., making a "pot of gold" during this busy harvest season.

There now remains but two deaf ladies in Tacoma, yet to brave the shears for a hair-bob. Mrs. J. A. Key, who was the third, became a "recruit" some time ago, and has no regrets.

Maurice L. Miller is doing well at the Mountain-View Sanatorium. He has gained forty-four pounds in six months, since going there last December, at which time he weighed 138. He is gaining at the rate of 1 to 3 pounds per week, he says.

T. A. Cavanaugh, who has been unable to secure steady employment since last December, has been employed by Maurice Miller as gardener, carpenter and general choreman at the latter's home. The house, which Maurice had been working on, and was forced to leave unfinished at the time he went to the hospital, is now completed and is painted a pretty light gray.

A "surprise party" that was not really gotten up but just "happened," was that on Thursday evening, June 17th, at the Rowland Ranch. First, Mrs. A. W. Lorenz, accompanied by her guest, Miss Edna Smith, of Seattle, who was visiting at her home for a few days, called on Mrs. Rowland during the afternoon. Then in the evening Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hale called at the Lorenz home and were directed by Mr. Lorenz to the Rowlands. Later, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Key, accompanied in their car by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Nilson and Mr. Wainscot, also called at Lorenz's. Mr. Lorenz got into the car and went with them to the Rowlands. Thus was made up the party of twelve for the evening!

TACOMA BOOSTER.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Mountainburg,
Star Route, Ark.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D. Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:30 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST SERVICES.

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary.

Seattle—First and third Sunday each month.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

There has been quite good attendance at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League throughout the summer, and now that most of those who have summered in the country or near beaches, have returned to the city, the attendance is even larger than usual. This Thursday, September 9th, will be a regular business meeting, and for the first time in the history of the organization it falls on the Jewish New Year.

The Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., is getting ready for its Halloween Party, to be held on November 6th, 1926. Chairman Anthony Rubano expects to introduce many novelties, so there will be a surprise in store for those who attended. An advertisement of the affair will appear in the JOURNAL next week.

Mrs. Lena Gundersdorff, formerly Lena Colligan, of Hoboken, N. J., a graduate of Fanwood about twenty years ago, is visiting in the Bronx, with Mrs. Joseph F. Graham and she is enjoying her visit very much. She will go to Fanwood, which she has not seen since she left twenty-five years ago.

Henry Mueller, of Rumson, N. J., is in town again for recreation, having worked very hard during spring and summer at his place. In his youth, Henry was a good backstop on a local deaf-mute baseball nine, and he also played football, and the way he could buck the line was a revelation. Henry is now advanced in years, but still possesses a fine physique, is strong and robust. Although he himself does not play baseball or football, he is still an ardent admirer of the games, and attends important games whenever he can. His chief amusement, however, is pinchle.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Teegarden are still at the Connecticut camp of their daughter, Alice. They have enjoyed the summer very much, autoing about, and almost every day, when it did not rain they have been out on the lake rowing. About September 13th will be in New York, and after a few days' stay return to their home in Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq, formerly of this city, but for the past six years or so, of San Francisco, Cal., arrived in New York on Saturday afternoon, September 4th. He had dinner with Messrs. Pach, Kane, Souweine, Koldman and Hodgson, and late in the evening, he was at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, where he renewed acquaintances with old members and was introduced to several new members who were present. Mr. Le Clercq is to remain in the city about three weeks.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim on Saturday, September 4th, went to Rochester with Mr. Gibson, to take in the banquet of the local Frats of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Moritz Schoenfeld are planning to give up housekeeping at their apartment at west 150th Street next month, and go and live with their married daughter in Schnectady, N. Y., in October.

Miss Anna Hamburger has returned to her home on Washington Heights as stated in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, but she was not operated on as stated. Fact is she was rescued from drowning, having been brought ashore unconscious by the life guard. Her sister was also rescued by another life guard. Anna was brought to the hospital where she remained for three days, while her sister was brought home and laid in bed for two days. Her brother alone does not own the "Gateway" Casino, at Somer's Point, N. J., but is part owner with three other men. On September 7th, as President of the Casino, he has invited the beauties of the Atlantic City pageant to a banquet.

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf has secured quarters in a centrally located section of the city—117 West 46th Street, having signed a lease of 4 years and six months. The quarters were opened on the first of the month. The observance of the Hebrew New Year will take place in their new quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Reiff are in Toronto, Canada, attending the Exhibition in that city. They also have been at Niagara Falls and the Mountains of Sullivan County, N. Y.

It is rumored that W. Lacey Waters, of Santa Barbara, Cal., is coming to New York on a visit. His old-time friends will be glad to see him again.

Miss Anna M. Klaus and her sister, Martha, spent several days in Philadelphia, visiting the Sesqui-Centennial last week. Before returning home they went to Atlantic City.

SEATTLE.

At the P. S. A. D. meeting, August 14th, Mr. Robert C. Miller delivered a very good address about the N. A. D., taking up point by point, some of the ways in which it has helped the deaf, and urging our support for it. It was a very timely address, delivered in clear and forceful signs. The deaf of Washington State should certainly support the N. A. D. better than they have done. State Organizer Sanders followed Mr. Miller with some further arguments endorsing the N. A. D.

Mr. Miller was greatly impressed by his Alaska trip, and expressed his admiration of the northern scenery. He is so well pleased with our great northwest generally, and with Seattle, that he is thinking of living here for the next year or two.

Mr. Alfred K. Waugh has been in the hospital for several weeks with blood poisoning in his right arm, starting with a blister in the hand. His older brother from Stockton, Cal., is visiting at his home, and his arrival was a surprise to his family. Mr. Waugh likes the northwest better than California, as he finds that he eats and sleeps better.

Mr. Morrissey's son Claude is in the hospital at Port Angeles, where he was taken from the steamship Victoria enroute to Nome. He was employed in the engine room on the ship, and was badly scalded about the face by steam escaping from a manhole. Fortunately his eyes were uninjured, and he will be all right with treatment. Claude was married a year ago, and the first of the Morrissey children to wed. He retains his job with the Steamship Company, and will resume his voyage to Nome when he is recovered.

Mrs. Victoria Smith's youngest son has enlisted for four years in the marines. He would have done so several months ago, but for a severe attack of pneumonia, which delayed his plans, and made it impossible for him to make any plans at all.

Oscar Sanders has gone to Vancouver to help Mr. L. A. Divine with his prune crop. Mr. Divine has a private drying plant, and gets a large crop of prunes annually, so that he employs the help of several men every year, and prefers to hire his deaf friends, if he can get them. When his prunes are dried, he has several tons of them, and sells them through the fruit association.

True Partridge spent his week's vacation with his family at the beach near Camano, and several days in Vancouver, B. C. We do not lay any stock in the insinuations of some teasing friends that he went to the latter place to quench his thirst.

The family of Marguerite Gorman is moving to a suite in a flat building belonging to Mrs. Gorman, as the family residence has been sold. Marguerite herself is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers at Ellensburg.

The Hansons have a couple of prune trees in their backyard so loaded with fruit that they cannot dispose of it unassisted, and are inviting friends and neighbors to come and help themselves.

While Dr. Hanson was in the east, attending the Ministers' Conference and the N. A. D. convention, Mr. Robert Miller brought Alice Wilberg to cheer Mrs. Hanson up with an evening at bridge, Helen Hanson making the fourth.

Miss Doris Thomson and her mother have gone home to Wenatchee, as her mother's rheumatism is much better, and they did not like to leave Mr. Thomson alone. Doris, however, may return to Seattle this fall or winter, and get a job here. The Sunday before she left, she got up a picnic with the other Doris, Miss Nation, Miss Marguerite Gorman and Mrs. Hanson. Miss Thomson collected the other three ladies and drove them in her car to Alki, where they had a delightful luncheon and visit. In the afternoon Therle Floyd happened along with the convenient kodak in his pocket, and immortalized the group.

The Hanson girls, Marion and Alice, are leaving New York on the S. S. Mongolia, that starts September 2d for San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal, reaching home about September 23d. This lovely cruise will be a grand wind-up to their wonderful trip. Just now they are having a great time, doing the last things at Pittsburgh, where their hospitable relatives have been showing them the time of their lives. To quote a letter from Alice: "This is a partial list of what we've been doing. Sunday the 8th, was a family re-union at Aunt Bertha's. Monday (we were staying at Cousin Dorothy's), Dorothy and Jack took us to a show. Tuesday, we had dinner at Dorothy's and moved to Uncle Karl's in the evening. Wednesday, we had a chicken dinner at the Pines Road-house, which took an entire evening. Thursday, we had dinner at Uncle Carl's Country Club. Friday, there was a big dance at Uncle Karl's, and we didn't get to bed till

3 in the morning. Saturday afternoon, I entertained the Beta Phi Alpha girls from the University of Pittsburgh at Aunt Emma's. In the evening, we caught a train for New Kensington, stayed in a hotel all night, and started early in the morning on an all-day canoe trip down the Allegheny River, and it was marvelous. We just got in in the evening to greet Dad."

Dr. Hanson, very thoroughly enjoyed the Philadelphia conference and the N. A. D. Convention at Washington, D. C., and kept very well in spite of the heat. In Washington, he flew around the Washington monument in an airplane.

In Pittsburgh he saw his two daughters and visited with his wife's people. He had a game of golf out at the St. Clair Country Club with Karl and Ronald Tiegel. When Ronald was in Seattle a couple of years ago, he played his first game of golf with Dr. Hanson at the University links, and was so enthralled with the game that he became an enthusiast. He now plays four afternoons a week, and Dr. Hanson came a little matter of 2,000 miles east to play a return game with him. After a couple of days in Pittsburgh, during which Dr. Hanson met Mr. Danner, the President of the Pittsburgh Piping and Equipment Company, and visited the Western Pennsylvania School, where his wife attended, Dr. Hanson went to Chicago. There he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Morton Henry. Mrs. Henry was formerly Miss Bertha Thiessen, a graduate of the Vancouver School and a ward of Dr. Hanson for several years before her marriage. She has two fine boys, and Mr. Henry has a very good position in the printing office of the University of Chicago. After delivering a lecture at Chicago. Dr. Hanson left for the west, stopping to hold a service at the Spokane, on Sunday, August 22d. In Spokane he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary. After the service there was a reception, at which he spoke for an hour about the N. A. D. convention. He arrived in Seattle Monday morning.

Mrs. Letha Classen left Tuesday morning, for Spokane, where she will stay a week or ten days with Mrs. Norman Barney before returning to Akron, Ohio, to rejoin her husband. The week before she left she and her little daughter and son were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Root. Several parties were held for her, and she was entertained as she could accept, subject to the demands on her engaging small children. Mr. Belser conveyed her from place to place in his Ford. Everyone would have been very glad to see her stay longer. The object of her trip west was to see her mother, who is in poor health. We all hope we can see her again before so very long.

THE HANSONS.
Aug. 25, 1926.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Miss Ruby Richardson, one of a number of the deaf from South Carolina, who work in Akron, Ohio, is enjoyed her vacation in August, attending the National convention in Washington and visiting her home-folks at Loris, S. C.

Miss Minnie Brooks has been traveling a bit during the past several weeks. She visited Columbia, Charleston, Cedar Spring, attending the deaf convention, and now enjoys cool, bracing weather up in the mountains at Saluda, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Frierson and Miss Estelle Gedding, of Cedar Spring, spent Sunday, August 22d, with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Smoak at Union.

Mrs. J. A. Rhodes and her children, of Greenville, are visiting her sister in Union and mother in Gaffney for about two weeks.

The North Carolina School for the Deaf begins its scholastic year on September 1st this fall.

Mr. Ira Wilson, an itinerating cotton mill operative, was seen by several deaf persons in Greenville, the latter part of August.

Mr. O. W. Underhill stopped over in Union, August 21st, to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Smoak. He was on his way to Staunton, Va., to meet his wife and son, who had been summering in Colorado and California, and also to see that arrangements be made for his son, who is attending a military institute in Staunton. After this Mr. and Mrs. Underhill went to Morganton, N. C., to teach in the deaf school. One of Mr. Underhill's undergraduates, who had never had been outside of Florida, accompanied him on this trip to see how other parts of the world compare with Florida.

Mr. Laurens Walker, Jr., son of Principal W. Laurens Walker, of the deaf school, Cedar Spring, will teach in the deaf school in St. Augustine, Fla., this fall. He will be the fourth generation of the Walkers who has been with a deaf school.

The South Carolina Association of the Deaf had its seventh biennial convention at Cedar Spring, August 4th to 7th last. It was a complete success and good-will was in good

evidence on every hand. Also we had the satisfaction of knowing all had a splendid time and went home, well satisfied with everything from beginning to end. We had our business meetings during the day, and had reception, movies, auto-riding, etc., on different evenings and nights. The features of the conventions were the memorial service for Mrs. N. F. Walker, and our stopping over at her grave during auto-riding and decorated it with flowers from our association, and our pilgrimage to the grave of Rev. N. P. Walker, the founder of the South Carolina School for the Deaf and the Blind, to hear an interesting talk about his life by his grandson, Principal W. Laurens Walker, who also said an appropriate memorial fence would be built around the grave, and on behalf of our association, President Mrs. Carter placed a wreath on the grave. We also set a part of our program aside for the religious service, which was conducted independently by Rev. O. A. Wilson. Our constitution and by-laws were revised and strengthened. Last, but not least, it was like going home to see father after a long absence that we convened to greet our old beloved Dr. N. F. Walker, who is eighty-one years old, and he was delighted to see every one of us. The association presented Dr. N. F. Walker with a handsome engraved gold penknife, and Principal and Mrs. W. Laurens Walker with a piece of silverware. The picture of our convention was also taken with Dr. N. F. Walker in the center of the group, and it will be shown in the *Silent Worker*.

All the officers were re-elected, except the vice-president, who are as follows: President, Mrs. J. M. Carter, of Winstonsboro; Vice-President, Vernal Glover, of Greenville; Secretary, Herbert R. Smoak, of Union; Treasurer, H. R. Glover, of Columbia.

HERBERT R. SMOAK.

LOS ANGELES

We are having the usual avalanche of summer visitors. Mrs. Sylvia Balis, from Canada, is here visiting her sister, Dr. Anna Chapin, and her other sister, Miss Alma Chapin, a principal of an oral school in San Francisco.

The Winfield Runde stopped off for a few days enroute to San Diego, which is just a few miles from the Mexican border town, Tia Juana. Whether they continue farther south or not is a secret. At the L. A. S. C., Mr. Runde gave some interesting sidelights on the convention of oral teachers recently held in San Francisco.

Mr. Joseph W. Bouchard (Gallaudet, '21), of Hartford, Ct., was also in town as companion for Mr. Luden, son of the cough drop king. They are touring the National Parks route in a Nash Sedan, and find the trip most interesting and educational.

Miss Baggerman, a teacher at the Oklahoma School, turned up at the L. A. S. C. one Saturday evening. She was asked to speak at the club the following Saturday, but she went to Catalina Island, where, so the advertisements run, you "go for the rest of your life," interpreting it whichever way you may. Catalina is the famed island owned by Wm. Wrigley, Jr., and which Gertie Ederle, the first woman to conquer the English Channel, will attempt to swim to from the mainland.

Mrs. Elizabeth Llewellyn suffered a third stroke of paralysis and passed away on the morning of July 26th. Funeral services were held three days later.

Messrs. Simon Himmelschein and Harry Whalen were up against the age-old problem of what to do with one's vacation, and being bachelors decided to go to San Francisco and vicinity in search of new beauties. It seems they came back empty-handed.

Mrs. Mabel Meyers Bulmer was operated on for appendicitis. She is at home and recovering nicely.

Mr. Frank Chaney, father of Lon Chaney, of movie fame, is back at a hospital. After his right eye was removed, he seemed to be recovering, but of late he has been such as to necessitate removal to a hospital to stay under watchful eyes.

Mr. Russell P. Handley, our short man of over six feet, is also on the sick list. No hospital bed could fit him, so he is staying home recovering from a nervous breakdown. He lost considerable weight and probably shrank to a mere five feet ten inches, but last reports give it out that he has gained twenty pounds. Steady, boy!

A seven and half pounds baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Degner. Both mother and baby are doing nicely, but not so papa. His chest has swelled out till we barely recognized him.

The Los Angeles Division, No. 27, of the N. F. S. D. will hold a Fraternal, Sept. 4th to 6th. A Masquerade and Ball will be held the evening of the fourth. On the fifth, a Bowling Tournament will hold sway. The sixth will see a picnic at Montebello Park.

Mr. Ora H. Blanchard doesn't have any high regard for Old Sol, after the misfortune of having his legs so badly swollen at the beach, that he had to crawl on hands and knees for a week. "I'll keep well covered next time," he says.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parks spent their 50th wedding anniversary on a "honeymoon" trip to Yosemite. They were accompanied on the trip by Mr. James Swan, who drove the car most of the way, as he has hearing enough to negotiate the dangerous narrow road, and Mr. Bradshaw, who kindly gave the use of his car. In the park they came across a bear (no they will not have a bear rug) and as he knew it was a tame one, Mr. Parks could easily show his blushing bride his bravado by offering it (the bear) some sugar.

Mrs. Grace Mason Wittwer, who was called to Iowa the first part of June on the death of her brother-in-law, is back home and friend hubby is wearing a relieved look even when he declares he needed a longer vacation. She stopped in Omaha, Neb., and brought greeting from the two States.

Mrs. Charles C. McMann is out of the Santa Ana hospital, where she was treated for a broken right arm. In running to catch a car she stumbled and kissed the pavement, her arm striking a steel rail. In the hospital she had to swing two flat irons (she didn't say at whom) to give the arm exercise, but now she can discard the irons for something heavier—that is moving furniture into a new home in Hollywood, which Mac had purchased during her stay in the hospital. They brought all their furniture from New York and truly feel at home after living in rented furnished houses.

The Gallaudet College Club met at Sycamore Grove Park for its picnic on August 15th. Out-of-town guests were numerous, including Mrs. Sylvia Balis, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Jim McCurry, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parks, and Mr. Oscar Guire. From the looks of things every body enjoyed the day, even the hearing people who flocked around the deafies.

Louis Divine, his wife, little daughter, Patsy Rebecca, and his wife's father motored down in his Essex from Vancouver, Wash. Louis and his wife are both children of deaf parents. Louis' father, Louis L. Divine, being head teacher at the Washington State School, for the past twenty years. Mrs. Divine is the daughter of Mr. George Martin, who was teacher at the Arkansas School for many years, and at present acting as boys' supervisor at the Washington School. A large crowd of those who knew Mr. and Mrs. Divine in Washington gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Omar Smith, one night, to spend a few pleasant hours with them. A few days later Mr. Divine with his family left Los Angeles to motor to Georgia, where Mr. Divine will begin to teach the coming semester.

It is seldom that children of deaf parents work for the welfare of the deaf, as Mr. and Mrs. Divine are doing. They have the urge to help, both having been brought up among the deaf. Some day we hope to see Mr. Divine at the head of some School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Mary A. Bingham is expecting Miss Ella Wieland, of Duluth, Minn., to come down here as her guest and enjoy the wonders of this southland. Watch, Ella, and don't eat every orange you lay hands on.

Mr. Michael Lyndon has been visiting here during July. He has been over the country sight-seeing. He took in all the points of interest, he could crowd in his short time. He is so pleased with our city that he says he is coming back to stay. Atta boy, that's the spirit.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

A whole lot of us love to lay the blame on "environment and heredity."

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September 18, 1926

AT 8 P. M.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial Fund

REFRESHMENTS

ADMISSION, - - 35 CENTS

Canadian Clippings

DETROIT DOINGS

Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, Ont., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riberdy on Glendale Avenue, for a few days, and is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stemplowsky, on Marlowe Avenue, at time of writing.

Mr. Henry Gottlieb felt bigger than usual on August 14th, when he found he was being highly honored by his dear mate and Mrs. John Ulrich, who got up a very delightful birthday party in his honor. About a score were invited and the moments passed like laughing Zephyrs throughout the evening. Mr. Gottlieb is a very popular gentleman.

Mrs. Edward Ball invited a number of friends to a pleasant evening dinner on August 19th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, and Miss Helen A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, Ont. Mrs. William Riberdy did the same at her home the next evening. Both of these jolly affairs followed on the heels of the one given by Mrs. Cas. Sadows at her pretty home on Meldrum Avenue.

Most of the deaf throughout the land know Mr. Cas. Sadows as the genial baker of this city, but now he "kneads" no more, except at home. He has given up this trade after making it "dough" for over a quarter of a century, during which time he made enough to buy a home and live in comfort. He is now working at carpentering and likes the change. The Sadows have two fine grown-up hearing sons, well conversant in the sign language.

A very enjoyable evening party was held at the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy on August 20th in honor of the latter's natal day, and this popular young lady received many beautiful gifts.

Among the many former Canadians who are now permanent residents of this city, we might single out Mr. Henry Gottlieb as one who is mounting the pinnacle to fame and prosperity. Beginning on a small basis years ago as an artist in the photograph line, he drilled his way through thick and then fearlessly as a Napoleon Bonaparte, and now he can point out to you what he has done by his tireless energy, judgment and foresight. Three large well-equipped photo enlarging establishments on Groswood Ave., one on Woodward and the third on Grand River Avenue, bespeak the extent and fame of his business capabilities, and as Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb have three grown-up intelligent sons, each one is managing director, while their father assumes the dignity as presiding magnate. Besides these Mr. Gottlieb owns three substantial cottages from which flow a substantial revenue in rental dues. The Gottliebs are most hospitable and entertaining people, hence their innumerable friends.

SARNIA SAYINGS

Miss Blanche Brewer, of Bothwell, has returned home after a delightful week, spent with Miss Alice Leckie and other friends in this city and Port Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beckett, of Detroit, motored over, and spent the week-end of August 21st with Miss Alice Leckie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henderson, of Talbotville, motored up and visited their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, from August 21st to 23d.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson and daughter, Luke, aunt and cousin respectively of Mrs. Jontie Henderson, were guests of the Henderson family a couple of days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Port Huron, motored out to see the former's parents in Dresden for the week-end of August 21st, and on their return called to see the latter's sister, Miss Alice Leckie, before crossing the boundary line.

The Henderson home was the scene of a very jolly gathering on August 22d, of old friends, and among the deaf present besides the three Hendersons were: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto; Miss Blanche Brewer, of Bothwell, and Miss Alice Leckie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts dropped in on the Hendersons on August 22d, from Detroit, and left next day for London.

Miss Alice Leckie and her guest, Miss Blanche Dewer, went over to Port Huron on August 23d, where they spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie. Mr. Gordon Henderson and Mr. H. W. Roberts were also over there on the 23d.

We regret to mention the very serious illness of Thomas Bissell's mother. Her life seems to be hanging by a thread. In renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, Tom says it beats all others.

No sooner had your scribe called on the Mackies in Port Huron, than they handed him their renewal to the JOURNAL, with the remark: "By Jove, it is just what we enjoy so much."

LONDON LEAVES

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., went down to St. Thomas on August 11th, to see the baseball match between the Saints and Guelph, and was pleased to meet Messrs. John W. Smallwood and Edward Paul, who also attended the game.

Mr. Herbert Wilson, who went to Washington, D. C., some time ago, in quest of a permanent situation, found that the home pastures were just as good, so back he came again.

Mr. Sady, of Windsor, was here, visiting relatives for a couple of weeks lately. He'd love to get a job here.

Miss Matilda Lafferty, of Amherstburg, returned home on August 16th, after a fortnight's visit to her sister, Mrs. James Goodbrand, at the hospital here and with Mr. Goodbrand and family in Ancaster.

Mr. George Moore now cuts through the city streets and stirs up clouds of dust in his newly bought Grey-Dort. Mr. Eddie Fishbein aught him how to drive it.

Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., has returned home after a week spent with her parents in Drumbo, with whom she had a pleasant time.

Mr. James P. Orr, of Milverton, was visiting with us here over the week-end of August 7th, but had scarcely returned home when he was called upon to mourn the loss of his brother, William, of Stratford, who was killed by a fall while working on a barn in Milverton on August 13th. The deceased was forty-three years of age and leaves a wife and one child.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher were out to Hensell on August 15th, to personally extend their condolence to Mr. and Mrs. David Alexander upon the sad drowning of their second son, Alvin, whose body has since been recovered and brought home from the far north for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, arrived in this city from Sarnia on August 24th, on a visit to relatives and friends, and in the meantime motored out and visited relatives and friends in Iona, St. Thomas, Aylmer and Port Bruce. They left again on August 27th, for Sterling, Illinois, via Port Huron and Chicago.

One of the largest attended meetings of the deaf that has assembled here in a long time, took place at the Y. M. C. A., on August 22d, when Mr. Charles A. Elliott, of Toronto, gave a very touching address on "The Mysteries of Heaven." Miss Ada James added lustre with a beautiful hymn. Those present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. William Wark and daughter, Miss Jean, of Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. David Sours, of Clinton; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White, of Strathroy; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Gould and daughter, of St. Marys; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pincombe, of Poplar Hill; Mr. and Mrs. John Noyes and Mr. Andrew Noyes, of Denfield; Mr. and Mrs. George Munro, Mr. F. Gwater, and Miss Ada James, of St. Thomas; Mrs. Charles Hart, of Montreal; Mr. Chas. Ryan, of Woodstock, and others. All should bear in mind that the meeting here on October 24th will be addressed by Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, who will give an address on "From Your Cradle to His Home."

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Crozier, of Springvale, were visitors in Hamilton lately.

There is a deaf young girl of school age, living in the country outside of Glandworth, whose parents prefer to send her to a school of the combined system than to one of pure Oralism.

Mrs. Caves, mother of Mrs. Samuel Beckett, of Detroit, who has been living in the "Automobile City" for some time past, has again moved back to her former home in St. Thomas.

Mr. James Adkins is doing fine in Bothwell, and working at the Mattress Manufacturing Company in that town.

During the past summer, Mr. Norman Yeager, of Ford City, Ont., has been very busy building a brand new eight-room income bungalow, which is now almost complete. Mrs. Yeager was formerly Miss Mabel Smith, of Toronto, and they have two sons.

We are pleased to say that Mr. James Buck, of Nilestown, has about recovered from the effects of his nasty fall from a hay mow in his barn some weeks ago. He gathered in forty tons of hay this season.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

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AND DANCE

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National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

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 William L. Smith, Secretary
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Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY 15, 1927

Mrs. J. H. McCluskey,
 Chairman.

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V. B. G. A.

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 Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
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Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Hofbrau Haus, 534 Willis Avenue. Regular business meetings on the first Saturday of each month, at 8 P.M. For information write to Edward P. Bonvillain, 1260 Manor Avenue, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

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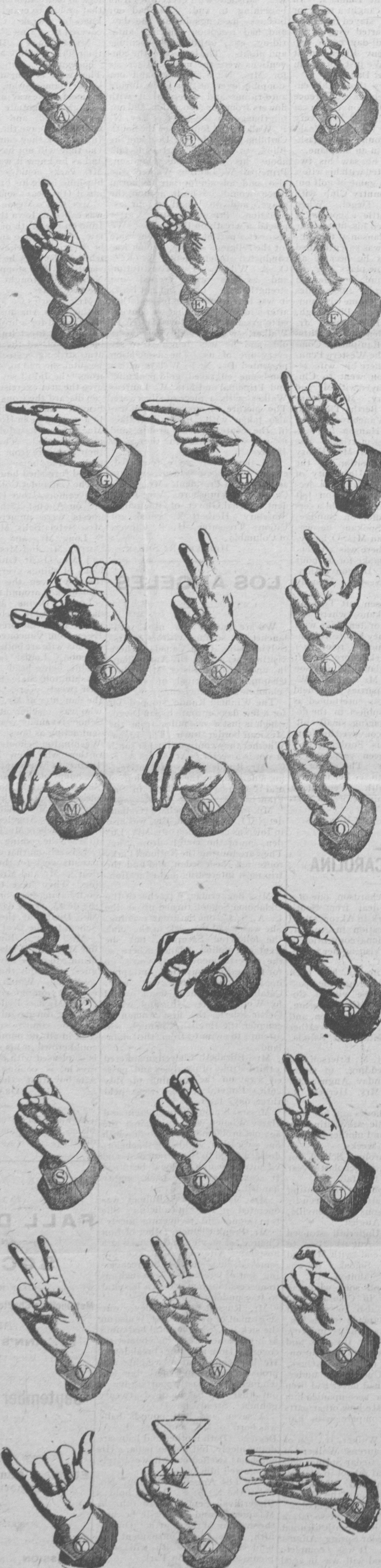
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[PARTICULARS LATER.]

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MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

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MOSES W. LOEW, Chairman.

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JANUARY 22, 1927

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